

Caught

by KatherineCastle22

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1. Chapter 1

****Disclaimer:** The only part of Castle I own is the tv I watch it on (and all the dvds and other Castle merchandise I have).******

****Just a little fluff for Castle Monday. Set early season 5. Strong T rating, you've been warned. ****

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><p>Kate Beckett was horny. Thoroughly, and completely horny. It was all his fault, really. He knew what that deep blue shirt did to her. The way it perfectly displayed his muscled biceps made her mouth water. And the way the blue of the shirt brought out the blue specks of his eyes sent waves of arousal down to pool between her thighs. Yes, if the smirk on his face after catching her checking him out for the umpteenth time that morning was anything to go by, he knew exactly what it did to her. It didn't help that they had been called into work today smack dab in the middle of round 2. Or was it 3? God, she just couldn't get enough of him ever since she had shown up, dripping wet, on his doorstep two and a half months ago.<p>

Fuck it. This just could not go on any longer. Leaning over so her lips brushed his ear, she murmured, "Meet me in the evidence room. Five minutes." And with that she waltzed away, adding an extra sway to her hips knowing full well that his eyes would be glued to her ass.

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><p>"Kate? What's-" He didn't even get a chance to finish his thought

before her lips were on his. There was nothing gentle about the way her mouth was devouring his; tongue parting his lips while her hands shoved him up against the nearest wall.<p>

It didn't take long for him to recover, though. Soon, she was the one up against the wall as his lips scorched a path down the pale column of her neck, pulling a guttural moan from her lips. He stopped his assault on her neck to move the neck of her shirt out of the way as he paused to nip at her collarbone before soothing his tongue over the flesh.

"So much for no sex at the precinct, huh?" The smug bastard had stopped his assault on her neck to smirk up at her. So she did the only thing she could think of to shut him up, she kissed him. As she got lost in the kiss, she felt his hands slip underneath the silk of her shirt, hands tracing circles up and down her back.

Pulling back for air, she immediately missed the hot cavern of his mouth. She breathed into the space between them, "It's your own damn fault. Wearing that shirt at the precinct as if you don't know what it does to me."

"TouchÃ©, Detective." He said before diving back in. She gasped as she felt him palm her breast through the fabric of her bra, before moving the fabric to the side so he could lower his head and suck one nipple into his mouth. Figuring turnabout was fair game, she lowered her right hand to cup him, giving him a quick squeeze before she pulled his head back to her. Their tongues dueled a little longer. Somehow he managed to unclasp her bra with out her even noticing, while she had his fly unzipped with her hand down his pants.

The couple was so engrossed in their make out session that neither one of them registered the door to the evidence room being opened until they heard a crash and a muffled "holy shit." Castle spun around, conveniently blocking her from view. She took the opportunity to re-clasp her bra, thanking God that she had chosen one with a front clasp.

"Oh, uh, hey Ryan." She heard Castle squeak out. Figuring she shouldn't leave Castle to explain by himself, she stepped out from behind him.

"So...you and Beckett?" Ryan asked, clearing his throat and looking anywhere but at the couple.

"Yeah," Beckett said, both Castle and Ryan turning to look at her, "Me and Castle."

"Well, um, congrats?" Ryan said awkwardly, "I'm, uh, I'm gonna go. Yeah, I'll just leave you two to..." Seeing the look shared between the couple Ryan quickly backpedalled, "Okay, I'm just gonna go. Bye."

After closing the door behind him and putting as much distance between him and the evidence room as possible, Ryan couldn't hold back a grin. Man, Espo owed him big.

* * *

><p>I had this idea a while back and figured, why not? I've

always liked fics of them getting caught by other people. I might turn this into a series of oneshots centered around that idea...if anyone is interested and/or has any ideas please let me know! Also, this is the first Castle fic I've published in years, so I'd love some feedback. Thanks for reading! **

2. Chapter 2

**All I'm going to say for now is that Stana and Tamara are two of the classiest people I know. I figured I'd say the rest of my part at the end of this chapter because as I was writing it, it became quite long and I want people to feel free to skip it if they want. I'm sorry for taking so long to update, I've been so busy and sick, unfortunately. I would like to address the one reviewer who said they weren't really interested in reading more pieces where they got caught because it's been done before. I know that I'm not the first person to write a fic like this, not by a long shot, but I wanted to try my hand at it and if you don't like these type of fics then I would suggest you just skip over them. But alas, I can't please everyone. Here's the next chapter, hope you like it.

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Disclaimer: Is one of these even necessary anymore?

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><p>As the morning sun filtered through the blinds and onto the pillow, and beautiful face, next to him, Rick couldn't help but stare at his beautiful wife. His limbs ached from their previous night's love making, but he was far from sated. Quite the opposite, in fact. Ever since their impromptu wedding there had been this renewed arousal in both of them. Beckett seemed to still be asleep, if the soft snores- although she would never admit to them- were anything to go by. Rolling out of bed and slipping on his boxers and a t-shirt, he decided to get a head start on breakfast. Hmm...he was feeling pancakes. Yes, pancakes were a good idea and a great way of saying 'thank you so much for last night.'

Halfway through making the second batch of pancakes Rick felt his ninja-like wife cuddle up behind him, slipping her arms around his waist. She rested her head on his shoulder before reaching up on tiptoes to press a sweet kiss to the back of his neck.

Turning around in his wife's embrace, he cupped one of her cheeks in his broad hand, thumb moving to caress her jaw, while his other hand came down to tangle his fingers in her hair.

"Mmm," She hummed, "Woke up and you were gone." She smiled lazily up at him, looking more content than he's ever seen her.

These were the moments he loved, lazy mornings where they didn't have a care in the world and neither of them had anywhere to be. He couldn't help leaning down to taste her, moaning when their lips connected in a passionate kiss. The kiss soon escalated, becoming a battle of tongues and teeth. He nipped on her bottom lip playfully, delighting in the slight shiver it evoked from her. She wrapped one leg around his waist, making it clear what her intentions were, barely giving him a minute to catch on before she had jumped up into his arms, both of her legs now securely around his waist. He broke

off the kiss to place her on the counter, lovingly stroking her hair as he stepped into the vee of her legs, letting her once again wrap her long, gloriously bare limbs around him. He rucked up her, well, his sleep shirt that she had pilfered. It looked better on her anyway, just barely covering her ass. As, inch by inch, her soft skin was revealed, he groaned, noticing for the first time her choice to forgo underwear.

"Kate, you're killing me." He stated before latching onto her neck with his mouth, biting and sucking until he had left a sizable, and very noticeable, hickey.

She giggled, ignoring, or maybe completely oblivious to the mark now staining her neck, insuring that she would be wearing turtlenecks for at least the next week.

Breaking apart at a loud beep, Castle swore when he looked over to see the pancakes that had just burned while he had been busy making out with his wife. She arched an eyebrow at him, her eyes dancing with mirth.

"What? They're an edible way of saying 'thank you for last night.'" Rick exclaimed, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively at her.

"Well, I have another way to say thank you for last night." Kate grinned mischievously, jumping down off the counter and spinning him around so his back hit the counter. She pressed a quick kiss to his lips before gracefully falling down onto her knees in front of him, watching his eyes go wide when he realized what she was about to do. But before he could say anything, she had pulled his hard length out of his silk boxers, and had one hand stroking up and down his dick while the other fondled his balls. Not wanting to waste anymore time, she sucked his tip into her mouth, moaning as she lapped up the pre-cum that had gathered there. She saw him holding back, but she was having none of that. Pulling off of his length with a 'pop,' she glanced up at him.

"Castle," She took his left hand in hers and placed it on the top of her head, "Fuck my face."

She didn't have to tell him twice. As soon as the words were out of her mouth she felt his hand push her back onto her dick, the other coming to sweep her hair back. Soon, guided by the press of his hand, she was bobbing her head up and down, stopping each time she came to his tip to suck it into her mouth. Inch by inch she took him in, moaning around his length. It was clear she loved this just as much as he did, which only made him harder. Letting go of her head completely, he instead curled his fists around the hard granite of the countertop. He let his knuckles go completely white as he thrust up into her face.

Once again she let his cock fall out of her mouth, this time moving to suck on his balls while her hand came up to work a punishing rhythm on his length. Kate couldn't stay away for long, though, and was soon licking up and down his shaft, pausing occasionally to give a playful nip, which only wound him up more. He moaned when she once again surrounded him in the hot cavern of her mouth. His wife was damn good at this, that was painfully clear. Sensing his impending release she took him even farther back, letting his tip hit the back of her throat before hollowing out her cheeks. Soon, all he could do

was chant out _Kate, Kate, Kate. _He was one more suck away from coming apart in Kate's mouth when the door to the loft opened and his mother sashayed in. Fuck.

Lucky for him, the counter covered him from the waste down, but not so lucky for him, Kate had apparently decided to finish him off. At first he thought she just hadn't heard Martha enter, but when he chanced a glance down he saw the glint in her eyes that told him this was most definitely not the case.

"Hello, darling!" Martha exclaimed stopping to put her bags down by the stairs. Somehow, he miraculously managed to get his dick out of Kate's mouth and back into his boxers before his mother turned around. Still painfully hard, his only wish was to get his mother to go away. Quickly.

"Mother, um, what are you doing here?" He coughed out, almost choking on the last part when Kate decided to squeeze him through his boxers.

"I was just coming by to pick up a few things for my studio...Richard, are you alright?" His mother's brow was furrowed as she slowly approached where he was standing.

"Yeah!" He squeaked out a little too quickly.

Stopping to take a good look at her son, Martha noticed his rosy face, followed by the death grip he had on the counter. Oh.

"Well. Okay, darling, I'll just leave you and Katherine to finish whatever it was you started. Have fun!" And with that she was out the door in a flash of red and leopard print.

Glancing down at Kate, he would've laughed at the mortified expression on her face if he wasn't sure that he was wearing the same one. Well, that ruined the mood considerably.

Or maybe not considering the way Kate was looking at him.

"How about," Kate paused, flicking her gaze down to his lips, "You finish making us pancakes, we retreat to our bedroom to eat them, and then we lock the door and finish what we started?" She didn't even look before turning away, stripping off her shirt, and sauntering off in the direction of their bedroom.

* * *

><p>I want to start by saying how completely devastated I am. Castle has been the biggest part of my life for 5 years now. It started off as just a way to have something in common with my crush, but it turned into so much more. Castle has, quite frankly, saved my life. And while I'm not completely comfortable with putting this information out there for all to see, this site is pretty anonymous, so even if I do know you in real life, I would have no clue. Castle gave me something to look forward to, and there were so many times when I was so close to giving up and I would just think "there's a new Castle in however many days." I cried quite a bit when I found out about ABC's decision. Kate Beckett (and Stana Katic) have become role models to me and Castle has become such a part of my everyday life that I have no idea what I'm going to do with out it. I would

have understood if Stana and Tamala had left by their own decisions, but the fact that they were fired makes me so incredibly mad. While, yes, Nathan Fillion is a huge part of Castle, in my mind both him and Stana are equally important to the show and are irreplaceable. I hate that ABC did this, but what's worse is how they did it. For 8 years Stana and Tamala have worked side by side with their other co-stars and they've become a family, but for them to not even get told in person? That's disgusting. They deserve better, all of them. And so do we as fans. I have so much more I could say, but I'm going to stop it there.

I'm a little hesitant to publish this one, as it is my first attempt at smut, so I'd love any feedback you're willing to give. Thank you for all of your reviews/favorites/follows, they mean a lot. xo

End
file.